

New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth: News, Editorials—Advertisements
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1921

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays. Office: 120 Broadway, New York City. Telephone: 1000.

Subscription Rates—By mail, including postage in the United States			
	One Year	Six Months	Three Months
By Mail, Postpaid	\$12.00	\$6.00	\$3.00
Daily, by mail, prepaid	10.00	5.00	2.50
One year, 10c	1.00	0.50	0.25
One year, 10c	1.00	0.50	0.25
One year, 10c	1.00	0.50	0.25

Foreign Rates—By mail, including postage and insurance

Foreign Rates—By mail, including postage and insurance			
	One Year	Six Months	Three Months
By Mail, Postpaid	\$15.00	\$7.50	\$3.75
Daily, by mail, prepaid	12.00	6.00	3.00
One year, 10c	1.00	0.50	0.25
One year, 10c	1.00	0.50	0.25
One year, 10c	1.00	0.50	0.25

Guaranty—The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches received by it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to the local news of spontaneous origin published herein.

Members of the Associated Press—The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches received by it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to the local news of spontaneous origin published herein.

Codlin's the Friend

Now it is Curzon, the British Foreign Minister, who is at the sorry business of adding fuel to the flames of Anglo-French wrangling. So doing, he adds no more to his reputation as a sound statesman than Briand added to his reputation for politeness when he permitted gentlemen in his entourage to pin-prick the British, and himself unfortunately failed to mention the British dead in France.

Both our British and French friends, when they indulge in testy interchanges, must know exactly what they are doing. In the first place, they are misrepresenting in both cases the peoples behind them. It is not for an instant to be believed that the French people are unmindful of the ties that bind them to Great Britain or that the British people have any sort of hostility to France.

In the second place, these fomenters of verbal discord, no matter which language they speak, are doing what they can to lose the peace. The German hope to-day, as it was during the war and has been ever since, is in Allied division. France cannot get along without Great Britain nor can Great Britain get along without France; and the world cannot well get along if the two do not cleave together.

Who began the brick-throwing? It is pointless to seek answer to this question. The melancholy fact is that both sides have indulged in it. The insulting expressions of English journalists, especially those of the Manchester school, are naturally trying to French temper. The French know, as Lady Bentinck has reported in her sketch of how the Kaiser acted when her guest, that the Hohenzollern's favorite post-war author is J. M. Keynes. Likewise the British do not enjoy the mordant wit of Stéphane Lauzanne and other French journalists who have been sticking pins into John Bull, who, of course, forgets that such Franco-phobes as Gibbs and Wells are Englishmen.

President Harding and Secretary Hughes are men of benevolent spirit and they see the big things. Is it not possible for them to mediate and bring to a stop the small-minded practice of saying bitter things to a friend, even though partially true? So far as the exchange of missiles is born of a desire to stand first in American opinion it is perhaps enough to say that most Americans are familiar with the quotation: "Codlin's the friend—not Short!"

Why Hedley Laughed

When Frank Hedley, of the Interborough, amid general jocularities, remarked at the Transit Commission hearing that he is reconciled to a five-cent fare and will try to make it go around here, of course, did not mean it literally or to imply that such a fare actually exists. The municipal campaign is over, and not even Hearst or Hylan makes such a claim. It was profitable and creditable before the election, but there is no reason to press it further. It is more agreeable for Hearst and Hylan to laugh at New York's boohish credulity.

As Mr. Hedley is aware, it costs something more than six cents to haul a passenger on the subway, and no part of this cost falls on the operating company. Five cents is contributed by passengers directly and the remainder indirectly—through payments of \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000 from the city's treasury, the funds of which come from taxes that push up rents. Travelers on surface lines who ask for transfers pay seven cents, and when more than one company furnishes service pay ten or fifteen cents. This condition, which prevailed before Election Day, continues to prevail. Visitors to the city, who don't pay taxes here, are still practically the only persons who are fortunate enough to travel for five cents.

no plan or idea of one. Now, as heretofore, the practical result of its labors is to push fares up. But though something is done to reduce expenses and thus to keep fares down, what prospect is there of the new construction the imperative need of which approaches? The thrifty savings bank depositors of New York number approximately a million. How many of them are willing to buy subway bonds with traction conditions as they now are? And if they are unwilling to risk their own money, on what ground will they appeal to others to take the risk? Yet there must be new investment if subway congestion is not to become a horror.

Where Congress Made Good

The passage of the tax revision law was the chief accomplishment of the extra session of Congress. This law gives relatively little satisfaction even to those who voted for it. It is admitted to be only a makeshift, which will be displaced as soon as Congress and the public are educated up to a better understanding of the evil effects of taxes which drive capital out of productive industry.

What most people are interested in besides tax reduction is the spirit in which this Congress views the Harding program of economy in government expenditure. In this field the record of the extra session is beyond criticism. Congress is still working earnestly to bring government outlay back to a peace basis. The appropriation acts for 1921-22 were passed at the short session of the last Congress—all except two. The army appropriation bill was vetoed by President Wilson because it ignored Mr. Baker's spendthrift demands. The naval appropriation bill passed the House, but was caught in the last week jam in the Senate.

What was done with these two bills at the extra session is a measure of this Congress's continued zeal for retrenchment. The vetoed army appropriation act carried \$346,000,000. Mr. Baker had asked for \$699,000,000. The army bill for 1920-21 had appropriated \$394,000,000. The army bill repassed by this Congress carried about \$330,000,000. This sum is \$369,000,000 less than the Wilson Administration demanded and probably would have been granted had Mr. Cox been elected.

The naval bill as it passed the House of Representatives at this session carried \$396,000,000. Mr. Daniels had asked \$679,000,000. The Senate added \$100,000,000, but nearly all this was stricken off in conference. As it went to the President the total was below \$400,000,000. The appropriation for 1920-21 was \$433,000,000.

Congress has therefore kept the faith. It is rapidly reducing expenditure. Appropriations for 1921-22 are \$900,000,000 below the appropriations for 1920-21. And the first Federal budget, to be presented week after next, will show a startling decrease in the amounts needed for 1922-23.

The Broken Pledge of 1918

Conceding that President Wilson did no unprecedented thing when he asked for the return of a Democratic Congress, let us consider one part of the appeal Mr. Tumulty finds it convenient to forget.

The appeal, it will be recalled, contained a pledge. Asking in the plainest terms for an endorsement, Mr. Wilson faced the alternative. He made a flat and unqualified promise as to what he would do if the decision was against him. "I am your servant," he wrote, "and will accept your judgment without cavil." Did he accept it at all? Not even Mr. Tumulty contends he did. On the contrary, he acted as if he had been overwhelmingly indorsed! The result of the election became of no consequence to him. He had, in fact, played a game whose rules were "Hears I win and tails you lose."

Why, then, talk of precedents? No one will assert that any former President ever asked the people for an indorsement on a particular matter and then disregarded the popular verdict when it was against him. Lincoln, when he thought McClellan would be elected, made specific arrangements to turn over the government to his successor as soon as the returns were in. Colonel Roosevelt was eminently kind to Mr. Wilson, as well as accurate, when, just before Mr. Wilson's departure for the Paris Conference, he penned this statement for the information of our friends abroad: "Our allies, our enemies and Mr. Wilson himself should all understand that Mr. Wilson has no authority whatever to speak for the American people at this time."

by his strange "peace-without-victory" idea. The people would have none of this—did not like its smell. They asked for an unconditional surrender, such as Germany agreed to when her representatives signed the Poch armistice. Yet, in contempt of the spirit of the armistice terms and in contempt of the mandate of the American people, Mr. Wilson at Paris declined to represent American opinion.

The "Great Wall" Delusion

One of the curious misconceptions used at Washington to begot a Chinese settlement has involved a resurrection of the Great Wall as China's existing northern boundary. It has been asserted by way of interpreting Japanese policy that Japan had already hung up in her Foreign Office a new map of China, in which Manchuria and Mongolia figured as non-Chinese provinces. True, this map agreed with no other accepted map. In a political and geographical sense Manchuria and Mongolia had never been detached from China. Yet some of the prophets of realist diplomacy had definitely alienated them to Japan and were calling on the conference to awake from its slumbers and recognize this accomplished fact.

The Japanese, it appears now, are no more alive to this Great Wall discovery than the other delegates. This question was put the other day to Baron Kato, the head of the Japanese delegation: "Does Japan regard Manchuria as being a part of China?" The baron answered: "Yes; Japan considers Manchuria as being a part of China."

Japan has a leasehold in southern Manchuria and leased a strip of territory along the south Manchurian railroad. These were acquired from Russia through the Treaty of Portsmouth, and China subsequently acquiesced in the exchange. The life of these leases was extended in the settlements following the presentation of Japan's twenty-one demands. But they are still only leases for definite terms. They haven't alienated Chinese territory. Even Tokio frankly admits that China's political boundary hasn't been pushed back to the Great Wall.

Citizenship

The Mayor of Philadelphia has proclaimed next Sunday as "Better Citizens' Day," and urges gatherings at places of worship to consider ways and means "to discourage those things in our public and private lives that are debasing, and to uphold those things that tend to exalt and elevate us in self-respect and citizenship."

Our youth are trained and instructed carefully for industries, business and the professions, but not for the civic and patriotic duties of citizenship. "Who shall instruct your sons," asked Socrates many centuries ago, "in those things which pertain to the man and the citizen?" In spite of the vast machinery of education that has been set up there is reason to think that the average person has a less vivid conception of citizenship than comes out of the little schoolhouse with its unscientific pedagogies. And not only do we know less, but we have less disposition to apply the knowledge we possess. Things have gone so well in our steam-heated civilization that it is assumed that the social organism is a self-running machine. When anything goes wrong the criticism is not of ourselves. Why don't "they" do something about it? The "they" referred to is a nebulous group, in fact, non-existent, on which responsibility rests.

"This is a great people—when it gets mad," wrote Horace Greeley, on hearing the news of an election which had overthrown and expelled from office a corrupt political ring. But the same "great people" a little later let the same corrupt ring return to power for still greater plundering. What we need is a people great when it is not mad; which sees a simple truth simply, particularly the vital one that a government is merely ourselves acting coöperatively.

Wizards of the Cue

Whoever writes the story of "Decisive Battles of the Billiard World" will have a climactic chapter on the fall of Willie Hoppe and the rise of Young Jake Schaefer.

"Like father, like son," holds true. Young Jake was born to the cue. Thirteen years ago the elder Schaefer, the "Wizard," defeated Hoppe in tournament play. But, save for the random winning of a game by the Japanese expert, Yamada, in 1912, no player since the "Wizard" had been able even to frighten Willie until the junior wizard dazed him with a 400 to 26 score on Tuesday and broke the tie—and probably Hoppe's heart—with a 500 to 346 victory on Wednesday.

Now that Schaefer has proved the feat possible it will be no surprise to see Hoppe defeated by one or another of his rivals. To be thought invincible is to have the game half won. Hoppe's domination of the billiard field has been one of the marvels of sport. For years he has been absolute ruler of the green cloth. Few had the temerity to invite a walk-over by challenging him, and the experience of those with whom he was willing to chalk cues was not of a sort to encourage the others. If

he had an Achilles heel it was thickly booted. Hoppe's game is not only mechanically perfect, but always at his command, because he has refrigerated nerves—or had until the Chicago upset. To overcome a player whose manipulation of the ivory balls is all but as accurate as the movement of a watch, and as little affected by externals, is beyond the power of opponents of almost equal skill but handicapped by wavy lines of temperament. At Chicago Hoppe's ice pack melted, his nerves began to tingle and then to jump. He will never be the same glacial impersonality again. Young Jake Schaefer, wizardlike, has abstracted a precious quality from the billiards of Willie Hoppe.

Nakichevan

Nakichevan? Yes, Nakichevan! It might be a new one-half of 1 per cent "thirst quencher," and it might be the name of a new Broadway musical show. But it is neither. It is the name of the latest member of the family of nations.

According to news just at hand, Nakichevan was born on October 13 last of a treaty between the Turkish Nationalists and the Soviet republics of Azerbaijan, Armenia and Georgia. It is part of old Armenia and is to go forward or backward "autonomously" under the protection of the Republic of Azerbaijan.

The treaty creating Nakichevan recognizes in its preamble "the rights of peoples to self-determination," and thereupon proceeds to business, which is the seizure by the Turks of about half of Caucasian Armenia and large tracts of Georgian territory. Further, it abrogates all prior treaties concerning the trans-Caucasian republics, excepting the so-called Russo-Turkish agreement signed at Moscow last year.

How many new states or national entities have come into being since 1918? Who can name them offhand, along with their capitals and boundaries—Azerbaijan, Anatolia, Armenia, Constantinople, Czechoslovakia, the Eastern Republic, Estonia, Finland, Georgia, the Kingdom of Hedjas, Jugo-Slavia, Lithuania, Latvia, the Kingdom of Mesopotamia, Nakichevan and Poland?

Are they all there? We doubt it.

Chinese Self-Rule

Reply to Japanese Who Says Kiaochow is "a Good Place to Live" To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Last Saturday Modori Komatsu told the American public in your paper that the Chinese, in spite of it (Kiaochow) being under Japanese domination, find it (Kiaochow) a very good place to live, much better than many other places in which Chinese sovereignty is upheld. His statement does not tell the whole story.

Chinese are never in favor of foreign control over their territory. No Chinese want to secure a happy living at the expense of their national sovereignty. Chinese want to sacrifice everything for defending their national flag, for maintaining, and not changing, the map of their own territory. That is the reason why their delegates in 1919 refused to sign the peace treaty with Germany, because they opposed Japanese control over Kiaochow, which is a part of Chinese territory.

Komatsu says that when Japan reduces Kiaochow he should be sorry for the Chinese masses living in Kiaochow, who do not care about politics and who only want to live in peace. I suppose Komatsu to be a patriotic Japanese. If he really believes that the paramount aim of his people is nothing more or less than to secure physical and material comfort and that the foreign rights of his nation are secondary, then, all right, I will put this proposition before him: China, Great Britain or America demands to control Tokio, capital of Japan, and in return to give Japanese inhabitants living there the happiest life in the world by free board, free lodging, free traffic, safety of life and property, and so on down the line.

Would Mr. Komatsu be agreeable to such a proposition? If he would, I don't see how he can be called a patriotic Japanese. If he wouldn't, why should he be sorry for the Chinese masses living in Kiaochow? Please don't forget that the best, happiest life is not simply a life of physical or material comfort, but material comfort plus intangible happiness. In the long run one's life cannot be happy if he is not allowed to manage his own affairs, if he is under others' control.

According to Komatsu the root of the Chinese troubles is in the inability of the Chinese to help themselves, and not in the ambition and aggression of foreign powers. I should say that the Chinese troubles are really in foreign ambition and aggression. Take the tariff, for example: China cannot raise the rate of tariff without the consent of the thirteen contracting powers. She really wants to improve her financial condition, but foreign powers prevent her from getting out of financial chaos. If the Chinese are allowed to raise the tariff why should they not be able to meet financial difficulties?

MING K. CHAO.

Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1921.

Another Molested Tenant

(From Life) Part of the frescoed ceiling in President Harding's room in the Capitol fell the other day. The worst of it is he can't break his lease.

A Base Advantage

(From The Kansas City Star) But look here, it is quite fair to Mr. Lloyd George to settle everything (in principle) before he gets to Washington?

The Tower

(Cobbled on an old last)

Dewey is a name I love and Far-ragut I venerate; Been to the Bermudas in a great big boat. (This is rather easy, with a metro-nome, to generate. Been a read-in' Alfred Noyes, the well known pote.)

Caravels and brigantines and xebecs and pinnaces; Nelson, Hawkins, Froblisher, and Francis Drake; Admirals of variable thicknesses and thinnesses. (I was born near Michigan, the far-famed lake.)

The Chesapeake, the Shannon, the Merrimac, the Monitor! Shrapnel and canister and just plain shot!

Read ye my versicle, ponder it and con it o'er. Do I know the sea stuff or do I not?

Nautical enough am I to make a swinging rhyme of it; (Always know the skipper and the mate by name.) Yet I've had incredibly a devil of a time of it

Grabbing off a ticket to the football game. After an unbelievably long period of columnar perfection, a speck of indelible ink fell on our escutcheon yesterday. Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams doesn't live at 54 West Ninth Street at all, but at 123 Washington Place. How we thought he lived at 54 West Ninth Street is not only a long story, but also one that we are ashamed to tell.

And as we read on and on in Hendrik Van Loon's book we discovered, a. o. t., that the title of it is not "The History of Mankind," but "The Story of Mankind."

Neither of the errors mentioned above is condonable in the slightest degree; and if anybody who worked for us made either of them we'd turn him out into the night, cut him off with a farthing, and never let him darken our door again.

The Drama's Essentials

There is many a phrase that is pulled on the stage Which the poor weary audience numbs, But the one that most often puts me in a rage Is the time when they cheer "Here he comes!"

And the heroine's lines when she's caught in a box With a plot that is growing quite thick.—The man looks around, as a door she unlocks And exclaims "Hide in there! Hurry! CARROLL LEJA.

Never have we subscribed to that article of the American Credo which insists that barbers are garrulous; but we do believe the article about the uncurrentness of magazines on a doctor's waiting room table. And for the record, Mr. Walter J. Kingley enters a doctor he knows, in whose atelier yesterday was found a copy of The Review of Reviews for March, 1908.

The Illinois Commerce Commission, reducing streetcar fares in Chicago from eight cents to five cents, has decided that "eight cents is too much for grossly inefficient service." Five cents is about the right price for it.

"Has anybody," asked the third assistant day managing editor, comatose after yesterday's traditional nine-course prandium, "suggested as a motto '5-3 or fight'?"

A married gentleman of our acquaintance—for a newspaperman meets everybody—says that his wife's interpretation of it is that she is to have fifty-five hooks for her apparel to three for his.

You'll Find "Weights and Measures" at the Bureau of Standards, for That Matter

F. P. A.: In the Sport Bibliography of Van Stockum there were only three books on the "Art of Tobogganing" published in English. I was so pleased to see that one of them was "Tobogganing on Parnassus."

HENRY CLAPP SMITH.

According to our favorite Spartanburg, S. C., paper, which everybody who follows our predilections knows is—just a minute—The Herald, "a dull day's program, including a splendid dinner, will be arranged."

Type ought to be able to say everything it has to say without one sacrificing modulation.—Heywood Brown in The World.

Amel

Oh, Marion!

F. P. A.: The other day you made a statement that the President used to play in the Marion Silver Cornet Band. Evidently there must be some mistake. I am connected in no way with the musical world. MARION SILVER.

Old George Kaufman says he has been waiting years, just for the sake of the headline, to have Fred Stone go under the management of B. S. Moss.

For the Perfect Ironic Simile we offer "As sincere as the regret voiced by eight poker players when the ninth man announces his decision to quit."

Yesterday afternoon Captain Trap-rock refused, no matter what, to scrap his capital ship, the Kawa.

At the hour of handspringing to press, Marshal Foch has received, with equanimity, nineteen degrees.

Wonder what his boiling point is. F. P. A.

IT MAY NOT STOP HIS FIGHTING, BUT HE CERTAINLY CAN'T DO AS MUCH DAMAGE

Copyright, 1921, New York Tribune Inc.



Retired Officers' Free Speech

Open Discussion of Naval Topics Useful to the Service and the Nation, Says Rear Admiral Goodrich

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: If my friend Rear Admiral Little were a little less vague and a little more specific, the protest he made in Sunday's Tribune would not be so difficult to answer and it would be of correspondingly greater value. I am sure he would deprecate the inference which the lay reader is not unlikely to draw from his expressions—that a retired officer, ipso facto, has no business to hold opinions that traverse the views of those in temporary authority at Washington; the only things he ought to hold being his mouth and his pen. It would be sad indeed if such a ruling should, in the near future, when he in turn goes upon the retired list, deprive the navy of the interest and counsel of so capable an officer as Admiral Wiley.

One of the few joys incident to being retired (I speak as one of that contented class) is the freedom not only to think but also to speak for one's self and for the navy as a whole, as one sees it, unhampered by the dread of official displeasure and its disastrous consequences. It is not impossible that "these retired officers," to use Admiral Wiley's words—of course I do not know who, precisely, he has in mind—may be right after all. Certainly the fact that they are on the shelf proves conclusively that they are not without experience. It may even be suspected that, being so placed, they are in a better position to learn the general trend of service thought than those on the active list, the junior members of whom are naturally reluctant to voice their criticisms through fear that by so doing they might jeopardize their promotion, now secured only by selection—a potent weapon for ruining the career of those of independent thought.

Admiral Wiley speaks of the particular retired officers whose activities for the good of the service according to their lights he resents as having "had little important commands afloat and no commands afloat which brought them into contact with modern fleets or modern methods of warfare." The words in quotation marks, as it seems to me, unhappily chosen, since they imply qualifications—a sine qua non, as it were—which, curiously enough, appear to be lacking in those whom he defends and who are to-day the accredited naval advisers. In this I cannot agree with him. As to those whom he attacks, it is pertinent to remark that sometimes it is the onlooker who can best see and follow the moves in a game of chess, for example. Moreover, it may be observed, en passant, that the one officer possessing these very requisites at their maximum is conspicuous by his absence from the council board at the capital. I mean Admiral Sims.

The charge that the retired officers against whom Admiral Wiley tilts "left the active service with a grievance" rests on his own allegation, since no names are mentioned. Possibly they did, whoever they are; still, it is what they say, do and work for which count, not the prejudices imputed to them. And even if they are mistaken in their contentions, they are useful in opening up discussion, and thus in imposing on their opponents the necessity of proving them in error. It will not avail to question the motives of men whom so many of their colleagues, active and retired, believe to be right.

I hold no brief for "these retired officers and their small following," as Admiral Wiley disdainfully puts it. The one thing I do care for is free discussion of naval topics, which must result in vast benefit to the navy and the nation, and the abolition of the lock which has so long, until now, sealed the lips of Uncle Sam's devoted and patriotic sailors.

C. F. GOODRICH, Rear Admiral U. S. N. (retired), Princeton, N. J., Nov. 23, 1921.

"France's Aims"

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: An article in to-day's Tribune by P. W. Wilson, correspondent of "The London Daily News" and former Member of Parliament, under the caption "British Disavow Quarrel With France's Aims," contains the following passage:

"If France feels that her quarrel with Germany must go on forever, we have had to make plain that the British commonwealth . . . cannot be mobilized behind that dispute. France has not been vanquished in the war. She is the chief victor. And to be generous in victory is a recognized virtue."

The reading of these sentences calls to mind the old saying: "None so blind as those who won't see." France has no "quarrel" nor "dispute" with Germany; her "aim" is simply to defend herself against any further outbreak of Germany's savage hostility. She is not the chief victor, although she was the chief combatant, for the reason that there has been no victory. The armistice promoted by Woodrow Wilson stopped the war before it was finished, halted the march to Berlin and brought the "peace without victory" which the ex-President declared was his desire and purpose. Hence the virtue of generosity in victory is something France has had no opportunity to exhibit; she must still maintain an alert attitude of self-defense.

P. W. Wilson proceeds to tell us that the German war machine has disappeared. It does not exist. "Germany is disillusioned of war, horrified over conscription and getting down to daily industry." This seems to be the vision that sees only what it wishes to see. In view of much evidence to the contrary, it is difficult to accept these assurances of Germany's material helplessness and moral change of heart. If Mr. Wilson clouds from view the facts of the actual situation, he throws light on the British temper of mind toward France and goes far to confirm the recent utterances of Frank Simonds regarding its motives and its activities. F. A. HENRY, Morristown, N. J., Nov. 23, 1921.

Literary Pessimism

(From The Washington Star) A certain amount of pessimism expressed by the literary students of conference affairs should not cause too great discouragement. Literary men are often influenced in their expressions by the fact that the adverse view is always likely to be the most interesting. A knowledge of the possibilities of failure is the best stimulus to success. The task that is regarded as too easy is never likely to be well performed.

Roosevelt Kept Posted

His Feeling as to Wilson's Appeal for a Democratic Congress To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The apology, or explanation, excuse of Mr. Tumulty, in "The Times" to-day, for Mr. Wilson's appeal for Democratic Congress in 1918, well may be used to show the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's acumen and his instantaneous quickness of thought and decision.

From early in 1913 it was my good fortune to be one of Colonel Roosevelt's trusted and confidential aides in Washington—to work for him on various lines and to keep him posted especially on what was going on under the surface. Some time before a hint of the secret leaked out to even the newspaper correspondents I got wind of the fact that Mr. Wilson was considering the advisability of issuing an appeal to the voters for a Democratic Congress, and I took the news to the Colonel in New York.

"Do you think he'll do it?" asked the Colonel.

"I don't doubt it," I answered; "but it will be easy to discount it in the mean time, so it will fall flat when it comes."

"No, not!" said the Colonel, instantly; "that's not the way. Keep quiet, and let him do it—it would be the best thing that could happen!"

Whether or not the Colonel was right the record shows. Incidentally, I may say that Colonel Roosevelt had strong hope that Wilson would supplement this appeal by a second one, and instructed me to keep eyes and ears open and to let him know the moment I heard anything further. I learned on good authority that no other appeal would be forthcoming and that newspaper advertising would be used just before Election Day, but not until 9 o'clock in the evening of the Sunday before Election Day did I feel sufficiently assured to notify the Colonel, which I did by telephone to Oyster Bay from Washington office. He did not say he was disappointed, but I felt so to this day.

GEORGE GARNER, Woodhaven, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1921.

Business Men for Arms Limit

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: We believe that the public should be kept informed as to the opinions of the various business interests of the United States regarding the limitation of armament.

We take the liberty, therefore, of sending you the following resolution, which has already been forwarded to the Secretary of State:

Resolved, New Jersey's industries offer their united and unserved support of the magnificent program for the limitation of armament. We hail the day when it shall no longer be necessary to make the instruments of war.

We greet you, Peace-maker! The Manufacturers' Club of Bloomfield and vicinity.

Employers' Association of North Jersey.

Associated Industries of Paterson, N. J.

Bayonne Chamber of Commerce, Manufacturers' Division.

Hudson County Open Shop League, Associated Silk Industries of North Hudson.